

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind.

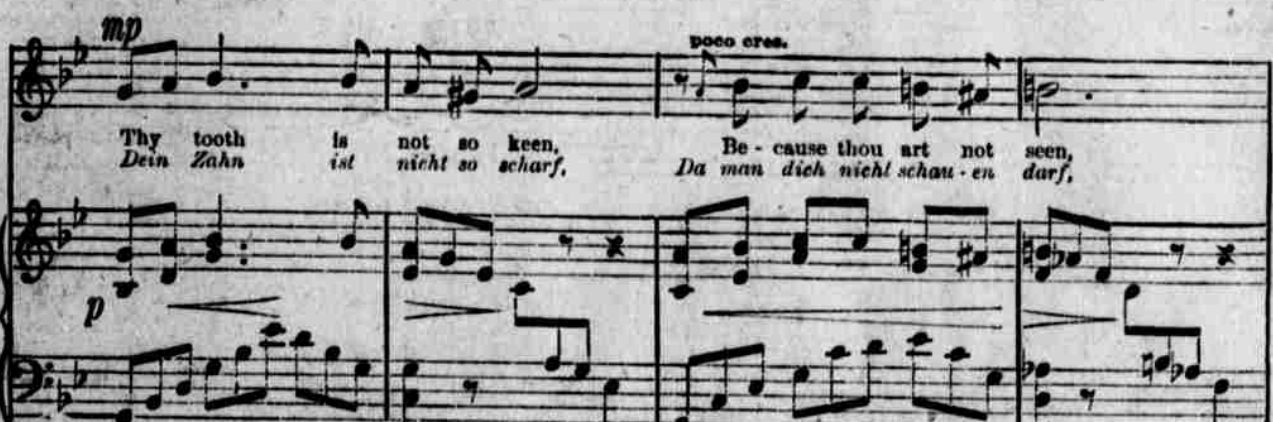
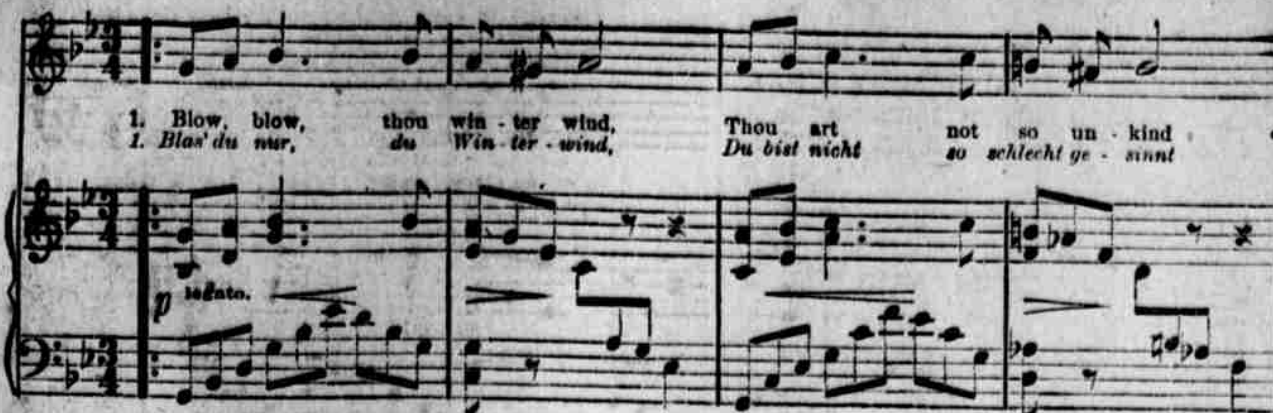
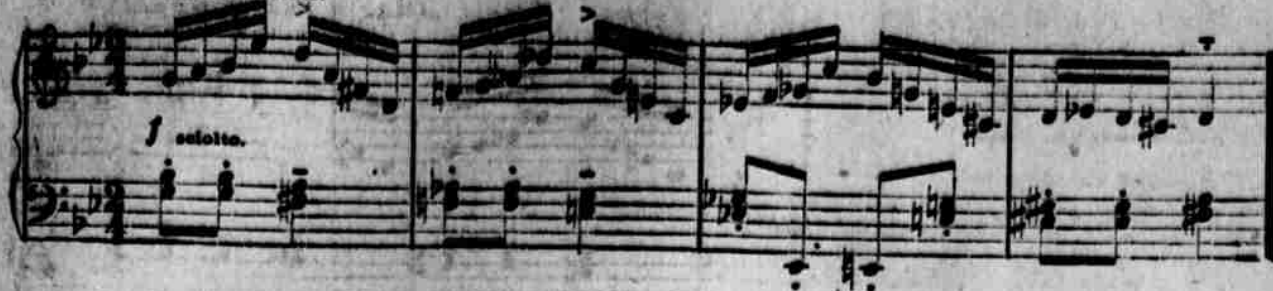
(Blas' du nur du Winterwind.)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

German words by the composer.

Allegro risoluto.

JAQUES MENDELSSOHN.



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BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND. 2-2

Teddy's father had brought home some rare old cheese, and after hearing his praise of its strong points Teddy was manfully struggling to make way with a small piece of it.

Feeling the cheese still on his plate and Teddy's nose perceptibly elevated, his father said: "What is the matter, Ted? Don't you like that fine cheese?"

"Yes," answered Teddy, with the air of a connoisseur. "This cheese is very good, but I think I like just plain, common mouse cheese better."—Cleveland Leader.

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AIN'T YOU?

Ain't you longin' with a longin' none o' winter's joys may queer
For the harum scarum summer, for the picnic time o' year,
For the wide stretch of vacation, when the nights are sweet an' mild
An' the days are long an' sunny, an' the boys are runnin' wild,
An' the goggle eyes are blin', an' birds singin' all the time,
With magnolias full o' blossoms for the boys that dare to climb,
An' for romps across the country, where the dark cloud shadows fly,
When a fellow gets so hungry bread tastes good as punkin pie?

Ain't you longin' for the summer, when the children quit their shoes
An' their fathers mop their foreheads an' their mas wear peekaboos,
When the bees are workin' overtime, they've got so much to do,
'Cause the world's so full o' honey that they never can get through,
An' the days are full o' gladness an' the evenin's full o' joy
For each father an' each mother an' each little girl an' boy,
With the windows all wide open to the breezes from the south,
An' the good night kisses linger sweet as honey on the mouth?

'P I could have my way about it, I would have for summer time
A big park out by the bayou full o' dandy trees to climb,
An' with boats for kids to row in, an' a place for kids to swim,
An' old fashioned rope swings hangin' down from every juttin' limb,
An' somewhere along the bayou I'd contrive some kiddin' holes,
An' I'd have a clump of willows that the kids could cut for poles,
An' a place they could dig bait in, an' a place where they could wade,
An' where little girls could wade in an' no call to be afraid.

After that all through each summer we would meet there once a week,
An' we'd set them rope swings goin' till we made the branches creak,
An' we'd laugh till all the heavens seemed to fill an' overflow
With the music of our laughin' an' our singin' loud an' low,
An' the boys could tear their jumpers, an' the girls could tear their skirts,
An' could hurt themselves a little so that I could hide their hurts,
An' could heal 'em—I've a notion ever little bit o' child
Ought each year to have a playtime when it could go runnin' wild.

—J. M. Lewis in Houston Post.

Papa Rebuked.

Mother—Kath, listen what papa says on this post card: "Tell Kath to be a good little girl and not so tiresome as she has been lately." What shall I say to him in reply?

Kath (indignantly)—Tell him it isn't proper to write such things on a post card, where every one can see them.—Fleegende Blatter.

Aged by Sorrow.

Client (to matrimonial agent)—You showed me this lady's photo last year and told me she was twenty-five, but after making inquiries I find she is over thirty.

Matrimonial Agent—Well, you see, her father died lately, and that aged her much.—Megendorfer Blatter.



By courtesy of the Chicago Tribune.

MISS IDA DE MARION, A CHICAGO BEAUTY.

Several interesting developments resulted from a recent voting contest held by a newspaper to discover the most beautiful woman in Chicago. Miss Ida De Marion, who stood third in the final result, received more votes from men than either of the women whose total vote exceeded hers.

His Thrifty Sons.



"Are all your boys making money?"
"No; only three. Two were shot by the baron while he was hunting, and one was run over by an automobile. They all received pensions, but my other boy is good for nothing."—Fleegende Blatter.

The Tactful Hostess.



Mr. Bumblepup—I must apologize for coming in ordinary evening dress.
Hostess—Well, you really have the advantage of us. We're all looking more foolish than usual, and you're not.—Punch.

DA BOY FROM ROME.

Today ees com' from Italy
A boy ees leave een Rome,
An' he ees stop an' speak weeth me—
I weesh he stay at home.

He stop an' say "Hello!" to me,
An' w'en he standin' dere
I smell da smell of Italy
Steele steekin' een hees hair,
Dat com' weeth hees across da sea
An' een da clo'es he wear.

Da people bump heem een da street,
Da noise ees scare heem too,
He ees so clumsy een da feet
He don't know what to do,
Dere ees so many theeser he meet
Dat ees so strange, so new.

He sheever an' he ask eef here
Est ees so always cold.
Den een hees eye ees com' a tear—
He ees so vera old—
An' oh, hees voice ees soun' so queer
I have no heart for scold!

He look up een da sky so gray,
But, oh, hees eye ees he
So far away, so far away,
An' w'at he see I see.
Da sky eet ees no gray today
At home een Italy.

He see da glad people meet
Where warms shine da sky—
Oh, while he ees look at eet
He ees beegen to cry!
Eef I no growl an' swear a heet
So, too, my frand, would I.

Oh, why he stop an' speak weeth me,
Dees boy dat leave een Rome
An' com' today from Italy!
I weesh he stay at home!
—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

Taking No Chances.



"Now be a good girl, and I'll give you this penny when I come back."
"Better give it to me now, ma. You might not come back!"—Browning's Magazine.

Uncertain Future.

"Aren't you going to housekeeping?" asked the friends of the swell young Benedict.

"No," he replied; "I can't lease the house we wanted for less than a year, and we may be divorced in six months, you know."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Comfort For Missy.

Not long ago a young lady of Macon, Ga., visited the home of her fiancé in New Orleans. On her return home an old colored woman, long in the service of the family and consequently privileged to put the question, asked:

"Honey, when is you goin' to git married?"

The engagement not having been announced, the Macon girl smilingly replied:

"Indeed, I can't say, auntie. Perhaps I shall never marry."

The old woman's jaw fell. "Ain't dat a pity, now?" she said. "But, after all, missy, dey do say dat ole maida is the happiest critters there is, once dey quits strugglin'!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Maid Retort.

Mistress—Anna, I believe you have been wearing my veil.

Maid—Oh, no, ma'am! I don't require a veil as thick as yours.—Megendorfer Blatter.

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